

*The Hand  
of a  
Cruel Lord*

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—BY—

GEORGE INNES

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## MAKING MOSLEMS CHRISTIANS AFFECTS PITTSBURGH'S BUSINESS.

It does make a difference to Pittsburgh, the state of civilization in which the Moslems are. It makes a difference because—well, they take up so much room.

Room did not matter so much 20 or 40 years ago, when hundreds of thousands of acres of rich Mississippi valley land were being added to the crop-growing area of the country every year, and when millions of acres of rich grass land in the West were free for cattle to graze on. There was plenty of room then, and eggs were 20 cents a dozen, and beefsteak was 10 cents a pound, but it makes a difference now. Room is getting scarce here.

There is lots of room in Moslem lands. Of course, there are very few countries now that are actually governed by Moslems. If you would count only as Moslem the countries where Islam (the words Moham-medanism and Islam may be used interchangeably) predominates as a religion, and add the portions of India and China in the same ratio as the Moslems are to the population of those two countries, you will find them occupying 4,781,000 square miles. These countries are Morocco, Tunis, Algeria, Tripoli, Egypt, Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, Arabia, Persia and Java, and one-fifth of the area of India and one-thirteenth that of China. This does not include the hundreds of thousands of square miles of Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and Tibet, where there are millions of Moslems. Of course, you would not charge up to them the two million square miles of Sahara Desert because it is not worth much, although nearly everyone

who lives in that vast territory is a Mohammedan. But, leaving all that out, we have as many square miles as there are in the United States and a patch left over big enough to make Mexico, Japan, Great Britain, France, Germany, Norway and Sweden.

Yes, they are taking up lots of room, and what are they doing with it?

### **Moslems Number 230,000,000.**

Well, many of them are living in these lands after a fashion. There are, in all, more than 230,000,000 of Moslems on the earth. (Some authorities say from 225,000,000 to 280,000,000.) One person out of every seven in this world is a Mohammedan. Of course, as we have said, not all the 230,000,000 are living in the lands that we described as the area where their religion predominates. There are a great many of them living in the Philippines. Those vicious Moros of whom you hear in the Philippines, are Mohammedans. But the Moslems are not doing much of anything with all the room they take on earth, and we don't want them to take it up and hold it unless they can use it. The question then is, what will we do?

There was a time when we would not hesitate as to what we would do. We would simply say, "Drive them out." But we have come to see that as well as such a plan being unrighteous, it is sheer waste. It is not merely a lot of territorial possessions that makes a nation rich or that makes the world rich, but it is to have people work and develop resources that makes money. The thing to do, then, is to drive them to work? No, not quite that way; that is slavery. They would not develop that way. Make them want to work. You can travel the world round and you cannot find outside of Christian lands men who really want to work. You'll find a few of the people laboring

hard, to be sure, but it is because they are driven to it; they don't like it. Work was never popular until Christ came. Work was His watchword. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "The night cometh when no man can work," etc.

We do not have much of any trade with these lands. The total value of our exports to all these countries is less than \$15,000,000, while Germany alone receives \$307,000,000 worth of goods from us. If the lands which Islam controls would receive exports from us in the same proportion that Germany does, we would ship \$1,000,000,000 worth of goods a year to them. That would add more than 45 per cent to the total value of goods the United States now sells to all the countries of the world. Do you catch it? Our exports now are \$2,204,322,409. These Moslems alone, if they would buy like Germans do, would buy \$1,012,000,000 worth of stuff. Alongside of every dollar that comes from all the rest of the world, 50 cents would come from those who are now Moslems.

### **Islam Makes a Desert.**

You might travel thousands of miles through these Moslem lands and never see a plow. You wouldn't see one plow in all the 3,600 miles from Maxagan, Morocco, to Bahrein, Arabia (Bahrein is where Dr. Zwemer used to live); that is, what we call a plow, unless you saw it at a mission station. They are using the crotch of a tree for a plow, the same kind you used to see pictures of in the old family Bible, and in Moslem lands you will see them yet; nothing else.

Of course, someone might say that a great deal of the area of these lands we speak of is desert and not cultivable land. To be sure it is, but remember, as Robert E. Speer says, "wherever Islam goes, it either finds a desert or makes one." The Euphrates valley

before it was touched by the blighting hand of Mohammedanism, had a record for production that has never been beaten; so we must remember that a great deal of this land which we now call desert was not always desert, and would not be desert now if it were handled right. But, even charging off two-thirds of this whole area and calling it desert, if you would estimate the remaining one-third as capable of cultivation, if the people would get plows with which to cultivate it, and then used only four plows to the square mile (it takes more plows than that in Pennsylvania to take proper care of the land), even at this rate they would need 6,000,000 plows. If every plow weighed only 100 pounds (in this country most of our people who plow have riding plows, and a sulky plow has in it several hundred pounds of steel) and if we would make them all walk and estimate the weight of a plow as 100 pounds of steel, it would require 314,000 tons of steel to make these 6,000,000 plows, plows enough to properly cultivate this land. Thus equipped, they would begin to add in some worthy way to the world's wealth, and in some worthy way to supply the world's need for food. The value of these plows alone would be \$125,000,000. If we could, therefore, sell them plows and could not sell them anything else, we would multiply the sales of the United States to these countries over eight times.

### **Pittsburgh Has an Interest.**

It makes a big difference to Pittsburgh how much steel the world uses. Pittsburgh makes 35 per cent of all the steel made in the United States.

We have 244,179 miles of railroad in the United States. There are not 15,000 miles of railway in all these Moslem lands. As near as we can learn, there are really only about 13,000 miles. If the territory

that Islam dominates had railways in like proportion as the United States, they would have to add to their present railways 383,826 miles of railway. If they used the same weight of steel that the Pennsylvania Railroad does, it would take more than 65,000,000 tons of steel for the rails with which to build these roads alone, not to say anything of the spikes and angle irons needed to fasten the rails. That would be steel rails enough to encircle the globe at the equator 35 times. This takes no account of the millions of tons of steel necessary to equip these roads with steel cars and locomotives.

Pittsburgh makes lots of steel, but if the mills of Greater Pittsburgh would continue to make steel in the same quantities as they made it in 1910, all the steel that they could manufacture, all that was used for tubes and boilers, all that they used to make nails and wire, all that they used to make automobiles and bank vault doors, all they used to make the 75,000 steel cars which they did make—if all this steel was used to make steel rails alone for these railways, it would take the entire product of these mills for seven years and ten days to make steel rails enough to build railways for these Moslem lands, so that they could be as well equipped with railways as is the United States. If the steel companies of Pittsburgh should get permission from the city authorities to use the streets of Pittsburgh to store the steel until they could get it all made and ready to ship, and kept turning out the steel at the rate Greater Pittsburgh does, 4,864,000 pounds a day, they would make piles 25 feet wide, and eight feet high in the streets, and 16 feet high at street crossings where one pile would cross the other. When the seven years and ten days were up they would have every street of the 509 miles of paved streets of Pittsburgh piled full of steel eight feet deep.

## Waste of Souls, Also.

Of course, the task of supplying this one item of steel would not come that way. It would come more gradually, but remember it's coming sooner than perhaps we think, and when the opportunity has come we will not cease to make boiler steel and bank vault doors. These will all be needed, and we hope Pittsburgh will, in addition to all this, have a chance to make at least 35 per cent of the steel rails. That will mean steady work for every man in Pittsburgh, and thousands of more people added to Pittsburgh's workers. That will mean that every grocer will sell more groceries, and every clothier will sell more clothes, and every man who owns property will have more valuable property.

Yes, it would make a difference. If these lands were civilized it would make a big difference to commerce. No business man can travel through these countries without being impressed with the sheer waste—waste of life, waste of resources, waste of room—everything is waste, waste, waste. The great fortunes of this country have been made by men who were wise enough to save waste.

Philip L. Armour built up one of the greatest fortunes America has by saving the waste in the killing of live stock. The sagacious man of today who will take a long look forward for a career for himself, for a career for his sons, and for the good of his country, will realize that the future holds possibilities for conservation on a world-scale, such as will build up fortunes and build up empires of which no man of this or the last generation ever dreamed.

It is wrong to say that this does not make any difference. It is really positively wrong to say that there is no use trying to change these people and change their conditions. Economical laws alone will



not allow us to abide by a decision to let them alone. But that is not the worst of it. We have said that there are more than 200,000,000 of people who are Moslems. The most serious thing in this whole connection is, that these people are lost!

## **WOMAN CROWNED BY CHRIST WOMAN DETHRONED BY MOHAMMED.**

If history tells the story of a queen in a Moslem land, I have not found it. Other empires, Christian and non-Christian, have adorned their civilization and woman alike by putting the crown on her brow and the scepter in her hand, but not so Islam.

Four thousand years ago, millenniums before Mohammed's time, Semiramis ruled Babylon. Centuries before the birth of the false prophet, Cleopatra reigned in Egypt, as did Aahmes, her mother, before her. Zenobia, that bright star in the world's bright constellation of women, ruled Arabia 200 years before the champion of the star and crescent came to Mecca. You know the long list—Matilda of Flanders, Margaret of Anjou, Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria—but of all the women of Islam whom God endowed with genius none might shine forth under the Caliphate.

Among all the crimes that could be charged to Mohammed, none are more reprehensible than that he took the crown from the brow of woman. It were not so bad had he found woman uncrowned and left her uncrowned. But he must answer for having dethroned her. If, therefore, Islam is a place where woman can never be a queen and has no queenly rights, to what depths has she been pushed?

In two other instances Arabia is spoken of as having had queens besides Zenobia, that beautiful daughter of the Arab chief, beautiful as Cleopatra, far surpassing her in character, rare in intellectual powers,

with a dominion extending from the Gulf of Arabia to the Mediterranean. But Mohammed took that all away, and has literally as well as figuratively concealed the face of woman behind a thick veil, marking her with shame. Moslem writers, themselves extolling the glories of their faith, yet admit that for some inscrutable reason the level of their womanhood has constantly lowered.

### **Islam Makes Woman a Chattel.**

Before Islam came to the lands of the East, the right of woman to choose her husband belonged to the wife as well as to the husband. Islam took it away and she became a chattel.

If we look into the Koran, the Mohammedan's Bible, that we may be directed authentically as to the legal status of women under its provisions, we will find that the very chapter which gives the information and which provides that every Moslem may have four legal wives and as many concubines as his right hand can hold, goes by the title of "The Cow," and we can scarcely find a better title to describe her social status than the one which Mohammed chose. Of course, there are exceptions, but it is no exaggerated statement to say that generally speaking their physical and social environment is not better than that of the beast.

Dr. Cochran, at the close of a long life spent in Persia, said: "I could not say, after my long and intimate acquaintance as a doctor with the men of Persia, that I had ever met a pure-hearted or pure-lived adult man among the Mohammedans of Persia." In their childhood, about all that they ever hear is the shrill babel of the voices of women behind closed doors and latticed windows as they discuss the neighborhood scandal or converse on sex physiology and conjugal infelicities.

Not more than one woman in every 100 can write or read, and millions of them have passed through life in these dark cells and black shrouds to whom no light has ever come, and no light bursts forth to greet them at its weary close. The cloud of Islam hung over them in life, and in death they are lost.

No man is under obligation to tell the truth to woman. There are three occasions, the Mohammedan Bible says, when it is allowable to lie, and one is to woman; therefore no man is under obligation to tell her the truth at any time or about anything.

### **Woman in Marriage and Divorce.**

Not only is a woman given no right to choose in marriage, but she has no defense in divorce. Before Mohammed came, in the very lands where now Islam rules, woman had the right to defend herself in divorce, but not so now. If her husband and lord says to her three times the words "I divorce thee," "I divorce thee," "I divorce thee," she is forthwith divorced. If this has been done in a fit of anger and the next day the husband wishes to take her back again, she again has no prerogative, but must return to him. This may be done three times before she has any rights whatever to choose one way or the other.

In this chapter entitled "The Cow," Mohammed's followers are told that if a man has divorced his wife three times, that he may not take her back until she has become the wife of another, and in every city of every Moslem land there are men whose sole occupation it is to become the husband of those who for a third time have been divorced and whose husbands desire their return. As is provided in the law of the Koran, this man receives a dowry, probably about 50 cents, and after they have maintained the marriage relation for twenty-four hours, he then, by the simple

process of repeating three times "I divorce thee," divorces her, when legally she can become the wife of her former husband.

Those who carry on this farce day after day and year after year literally become the husbands of hundreds of wives. There is perhaps in all heathen lands no institution more monstrous than this blasphemy against the sacred rite of marriage.

I have heard men in this land say, "Why trouble Mohammedans? Why not let them alone? We ought not to quarrel with them in their religion; their religion was intended for them; why proselyte? It is good enough for them." Well, it may be good enough for the man who says that.

### **Help Is Needed.**

If they would go and scrutinize it and then say that, their sincerity would be but lightly respected, but none would say, "It is good enough for my wife." Neither would they say it was good enough for their daughters. Would they prefer this as the rules by which their brother-in-law might deal with their sisters? It is all very well in Pittsburgh, 5,000 miles away from actual Mohammedan conditions, to make sage disquisitions about a pure monotheistic faith, but it is another thing to be in a Moslem land and to peep beneath the lid which has never yet been lifted on the public page of America. We are not lifting it now; we have only spoken of a few of the things that show above the lid.

Of all the millions of tragic roles that woman has been called upon to enact, Mohammed has prepared for her the most sorrowful. There are hundreds of thousands of women in Greater Pittsburgh who, if they had ever been in a Moslem land and seen womanhood eaten by the cankerworm, would bring help to

the more than 100,000,000 women and girls of Islam. If, however, all should not realize the chance, there are 10,000 women in Pittsburgh who have in their power to make it possible for the over 100,000,000 women and girls of Islam to be saved. They are lost now. One can save a thousand.

## THE WAY ISLAM TREATS CHILDREN SNATCHED BALD HEADED, ETC.

I was talking with George C. Shane, of Philadelphia, the other day, and he told me what he saw in Egypt and Syria. Mr. Shane is a flour manufacturer and merchant, with mills in Philadelphia, Minnesota and Dakota. He was in the Levant a few months ago. I asked him what he thought of conditions over there and the prospect of improving them. He said that things were worse than they had ever been described, and went on to tell about them. There is much that he said of which I cannot write. If I wrote all the things Mr. Shane told me, this paper wouldn't print them, and if it did print them you wouldn't let it come into your home. You wouldn't think for a minute of pouring the poisonous story of the every-day acts of Moslems into the minds of your boys and girls. If I were willing to tell you these things in writing and the editor of this paper was willing to print them and you were willing to have it in your home, the postoffice authorities would deny the use of the mails to the paper.

There had been a religious ceremony conducted in one of the towns Mr. Shane visited in Egypt, in which the men openly in the streets were using little boys in an act of the lowest form of vice—and by that act paying devotions to Mohammed; such a vice that, were it even hinted that a man in Pittsburgh was guilty of the thing in secret, he would have to leave the community, even were there not proof enough to convict him; even the shame of the suggestion of the unproven crime could never be washed from his name.

## **Horrors of Moslem Childlife.**

It was through the little children, however, that Mr. Shane thought the people of these countries could be reclaimed from the deadening effect of the opiate of Mohammedanism. He said the little fellows do not cry much, or laugh much—they just act dazed and stunned by the awful load of pain that has fallen on them. A large proportion of them have scalp diseases, and the native method of curing the disease is to smear the scalp and fill the hair with tar, and when the tar has hardened, to pull the hair out by the roots; they claim that three repetitions of this process will cure the disease.

Ninety-five per cent of the people have eye trouble. Mr. Shane saw a group of children, unattended, in the streets with eyeballs so swollen that the lids could not cover them; he spoke of seeing six little boys in a group and only two good eyes, where there should have been twelve. Ophthalmia is the malady. He told me of a little girl who was brought to a hospital of the American Mission in Egypt last year. For weeks the pain had been indescribable; for weeks the lids had not closed over the eyes. The father left her at the hospital, asking the doctor if he could not restore her sight; in a few days he returned and was told that he had brought the daughter too late, that she could not now be made to see. Then he led her away; the doctor remonstrated, saying that, while her sight was gone, he could stop the awful, fiery pain, but the father went on, saying, "Oh, never mind that; she's only a girl."

### **Few Infants Thrive.**

I asked Mr. Shane if these were not isolated cases of little ones suffering, and if it would not be wrong



to infer that childhood suffered in a wholesale way from these incidents. His reply was that only three out of ten children that are born in Egypt live to be two years of age. Do you realize it? Of every ten little babies born in Islam in 1913, seven will have died by 1915. There are 230,000,000 Moslems; the race is not decreasing—what then is the annual toll of children to this Juggernaut—Islam? No wonder the little fellows are dazed and stunned, and I believe it is not only the pain that stuns them; a child doesn't have to be very old to be impressed by death and to sense its meaning, and before the little child of Islam can run about most of its little companions have died, and death doesn't cease at two years, it goes on, inch by inch, taking its toll of Moslem childhood.

Some people in America say "Mohammedanism is good enough for those for whom it was intended." Intended by whom? There is no just mind on earth or in heaven who ever intended this thing for mankind, much less for womankind, and least of all for the little ones.

I can understand the working of the mind that repudiates responsibility for the man who is unfortunate; they escape by saying he is a free agent, he chose the course. It's harder yet to understand—but I trace the reasoning of those who say of unfortunate woman "she digged her pit, let her lie in it," but I cannot understand the heart of a man who has felt the heart-beat of the Christ who said "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," who wouldn't help the little ones, who wouldn't risk life itself to save little children.

### **Responsibility Upon Christians.**

If Christian people never saw the Koran, if it was never printed in English and we could not read it

and we were unable to know that in almost every chapter of it there is the manifest intent to justify evil desire; if we here in Pittsburgh could honestly suppose that Mohammed was a true prophet with a message of love and righteousness from God, and therefore could rest in the assurance that the people who follow him were happy and safe, we should have no responsibility, but now we know that is not so, we know that there was an evident design all through the Koran to license the lust of man, and that man and woman and child suffer right now the pangs of hell because of it. In the face of this it's the word of a sheer fool to say we are not responsible, and by no law, human or divine, can we escape the charge that love and mercy and justice and truth enter against us.

Mohammed ruined Egypt.

Mammon imperils Pittsburgh.

"Ye cannot love God and Mammon."

Ye cannot love God and Mohammed.

Forsake Mammon for God—Destroy Islam for God.

## BIG MEN WHO WERE MOSLEMS

If Saladin had gone out from Pittsburgh on his mission to Egypt and Syria, carrying the Christian message, instead of having come from Persia with a message that was false, the name of Saladin and the name of Pittsburgh would live forever the world over. He had the stuff in him to have shone with the luster of a St. Paul had he been fortunate enough to have had the message of St. Paul. There is always a lot of human material around good enough to make great men of, whenever that human material gets caught in the grip of a great cause and a great passion. There are men in Pittsburgh now—big men right here now—who, if a world idea would ever get them in its grip, would be great men.

It took some pretty good-sized men to extend the kingdom of Mohammed from its muster ground at Mecca to the Desert of Sind on the east and the surge of the Atlantic on the west within 100 years. This very cause itself fired the air with a passion that caught some men and made them great.

It is not a man with a whole lot of good ideas that is a great man. A great man is one big idea plus himself. You say a man with one idea is narrow? Certainly he is narrow, but to be narrow is to be a knight. An Arab said of Zengy, "He is a knight after the fashion of my race and family, for what we admire in a knight is that he be lean and long." Columbus was as narrow as could be; he would not listen to reason or sense, but just allowed himself to be carried along by this one idea. "Billy" Sunday is a man of one idea, and just narrow enough to think that men ought to be saved in every town he goes to.

Samuel M. Zwemer is lean and long; so lean were his ideas that he just clung to the one long, lean one, and it took him to the back of the Desert of Arabia, hid him there on the other side of the world among Moslems where he could not do anything but help them, and live among them, and live for them and give himself to them, and pray for them, until he is the greatest single force on earth today for Moslems. His message has shone forth through these articles more than that of any other one man. Columbus discovered a new world; so did Zwemer, and they have taken him from Arabia and put him at the capital of that great Moslem world—Cairo. He came to America last week; they brought him all the way from Cairo to Kansas City to tell the 4,000 students of American colleges who will meet there what he learned in the desert.

### **Wild Spread of Islam.**

The hosts of Mohammed swept like a prairie fire over every mountain and river and plain from the Indus to the Pyrenees in a century after his death. The scimitars of the Saracens cut open the gates of every city from Jerusalem to Granada. For six months the flames in the 4,000 baths of Alexandria were fed with the priceless manuscript of the greatest library the earth ever had. Westward across North Africa they pillaged and plundered and burned, until at last their leader spurred his foaming charger into the Atlantic waves, exclaiming, "Be my witness, God of Mohammed, that earth is wanting to my courage rather than my zeal in thy service."

In 711 the Turban and the Crescent crossed over into Spain and established a kingdom that lasted for seven centuries. It remained to Charles Martel of France to meet and turn back on the plains of Tours the mightiest tide of passionate men that ever scourged the face of the earth.

Yes, and there were mighty men among these fiery warriors. Nizam-el-Mulk was one; Zengy another; and Saladin the greatest of them all. We in the West have wondered why the Crusades failed. We did not know the manner of the men who led the forces against them—great, strong, red-blooded, high-minded men, and men of their word, too; unflinching for truth. Nizam-el-Mulk's logic was: "One weighty judgment is of more service to a king than a mighty army." He gave everything for his cause; spent his money bounteously, lavishly, hilariously for his prophet. Zengy was another leader of these hosts; a statesman, a general, a man of chivalrous instinct and high ideals. His motto was: "If so be that a man needs to set a stone on his head, let it be quarried withal out of a high mountain." And he lived up to his high ideals.

### **Mercy of Zengy.**

Once a favorite captain of his turned a Jewish family out in the winter cold to make his quarters in their house. Zengy faced round on the man and gave him a single look, at which the emir came forth from the city to pitch his tent in the mud and rain. He it was who took Edessa for the Moslems and on entering the city, amazed at its beauty and stateliness, grieved that it should suffer; stopped the ravages of his soldiers, made them give up their prisoners, the youth and the girls and the treasured gifts, and restored the inhabitants to their homes. Of him the Arabian poet sings:

He rides in a billow of horsemen,  
They roll o'er the earth like a flood;  
His spears flash speech to the foeman—  
Incarnadined tongues of blood.

Dark as the night is his beauty,  
But his brow has a morning light;  
Mercy he uses at pleasure,  
But not in the stress of the fight;  
Heart to the heart of his host,  
And wings to its wings, is his might.

But Saladin's name was the most lustrous of them all! a lad of Aryan blood; cultured in the refinements of Damascus, so gentle and so fine that Amalaric, the leader of the Crusaders' hosts, entertained him in his camp. His knightly bearing won for him at the hands of Humphrey of Toron the order of Christian knighthood. While yet a youth he reclaimed Egypt from the control of a heretical sect of Moslems, back into the orthodox forces, and so skilfully did he accomplish this most difficult task that his chroniclers say of it: "There was not so much as the butting of two goats."

Here was the Prince Arthur of the Moslems. Long and bitterly did he fight for the strongholds of Syria for his lord, Mohammed. Months and years of effort it cost him to take Aleppo, and on the day after the city had fallen into his hands a little girl, the sister of his former foe, came asking of him the Castle of Azaz, and with true chivalry, the knight which he was, he restored the castle to its family, and escorted her back to the gate of Aleppo at the head of his staff. Humphrey had cause to be proud of his knight, the most powerful of Islam.

His home was in Damascus, the center of the world's drama. The street that is called "Straight" led from his court as it did when St. Paul was yet Saul of Tarsus, and if you will go to Damascus today you will find on the wall of an Arabian mosque close to the tomb of Saladin the inscription which overhung the lintel of the older church, "Thy kingdom

O Christ is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through all generations."

### **What Saladin Was.**

He worshiped in the Mosque where the Caliphs of the seventh century preached to the leaders of the faithful, and where before the trembling congregation the bloody shirt of the martyred Othman was held up to view, and on whose pulpit the severed fingers of Nayla were pinned. This Mosque was the triumph of the arts of Persia, India and Byzantium, and was the depository of the revenues of Syria, besides eighteen shiploads of gold from Cyprus.

Above all does Saladin typify utter self-surrender to a sacred cause. When he took Jerusalem, although his flag was on the ramparts and the city was at his mercy, yet he gave them forty days to redeem themselves; ten pieces of gold was the price of a man's liberty, and two women and ten children were reckoned as one man. He gave 1,000 who might have been slaves, to his brother, el-Adin, and el-Adin set them free. He gave 1,000 who might have been slaves, to the patriarch of the Christian Church, and he set them free. Then said Saladin: "Others have made their alms; I will make mine," and he proclaimed throughout the streets of Jerusalem that all the old people who could not pay could go free, and from sunrise until sunset they poured forth from the Gate of St. David, and from his own treasury he replenished the funds of the estates of the widows of the knights of the Crusaders.

What a loss to the world that chivalry such as this, poured out a willing offering, might not have flowed from Christ's pure chalice.

In one article in this paper we spoke of the waste; the waste of material resources, etc., but here

is a waste of infinitely more priceless values than anything material—the waste of great, good, high-minded, noble men. They are coming into being every year in Islam's realms. If they had had Christ, Christ would have had His kingdom. Every Moslem was a flame of fire for a world Islam.

When Christians as a multitude become a flame of fire for a world Christianity there will be an atmosphere that will make great world men out of some Pittsburgh men. There are undeveloped Saladins in Pittsburgh.



## THE KIND OF A MAN MOHAMMED WAS. WINE, WOMEN AND SONG HIS PARADISE.

How many full grown men are there in metropolitan Pittsburgh? Likely more than 250,000. If that's so, there are then 250,000 men in Greater Pittsburgh who are better than Mohammed. He was not a good man. There are good things that could be said of him, certainly. There isn't a man, or boy, either, in Pittsburgh without some good, and it is because of that there is always hope.

He was a great man. He said of himself that he was a prophet. He was not a prophet in the same sense as Isaiah or Daniel, but he did a lot of prophesying. If you would foretell as many things as he did, the long arm of coincidence would help you out at a few points, and you would be just as much entitled to claim special vision as he was. He was a false prophet.

Carlyle is the most generous to him of any. He said Mohammed was a prophet, but also said "He was by no means the truest of prophets." But even Carlyle admits that Mohammed's paradise "was a sensual paradise," and that "his hell was a sensual hell." According to Al Ghazzali, one of the greatest theologians of Islam, and no Moslem would dispute his statement, Mohammed said: "The believer in paradise will marry 500 houris, 4,000 virgins and 8,000 divorced women." The Koran says that the soil of paradise is of the finest wheat flour, that its rivers are water or milk or honey or wine, and the beds of the rivers are musk and camphor; that its inhabitants wear garments of gold with rubies and diamonds, and

recline on voluptuous couches of green cushions. A paradise of wine, women and song. Its viands may be eaten or its liquors drunken without satiety or inebriation.

When it comes to hell, Dante's "Inferno" is a Schenley park on a May morning compared with the gehenna of Mohammed's invention. It is a flaming fire, its fuel men and stones, its drink hot liquid pus; the inhabitants are clothed in burning pitch, and eat briars that turn to pitch within them. They are forever being stung by serpents and scorpions.

Mohammed was born at Mecca 570 years after Christ.

He followed merchants' caravans to Syria.

He was really a reformer the first part of his life.

His first wife had been a widow, Khadijah. She was rich.

Khadijah helped him to promote his plans, and believed in him.

He spent thirteen years trying to win believers by moral persuasion, and in that way he won thirty-four.

He made one great speech, when his relatives expostulated with him, saying, "Why attack idols? Why destroy your popularity? Why quarrel with the interests?" That last question comes up for answer now. He exclaimed, "If the sun stood on my right hand and the moon on my left, ordering me to hold my peace, I would still declare there is but one God."

There are good things to be said about Mohammed. He commended a Sabbath; he condemned idolatry; he forbade his followers to use liquor; but when Khadijah died, a number of things conspired to change his course. He got tired of the plan of moral persuasion, and was caught in the hoary sophistry, "The end justifies the means." He took up the sword, and it did the work.

Moral suasion had won his thirty-four converts in thirteen years; the sword won all of Arabia in eleven years.

He knew the Bible and knew of Jesus Christ. He called Him "The Word of God."

He was illiterate. Strange he should have written a book, but he did, and it guides 230,000,000 people today, so many people that if they stood one behind the other, each with his hands on the shoulders of the man ahead of him, the line would go around the world four times. The tragedy is, they are faced the wrong way; they are lost.

He was an epileptic. Several times he tried to commit suicide, and was restrained.

He was a sinner. He said so himself in the Koran. Some Moslem writers give him 201 glorious titles, and make him sinless and divine. He himself knew better.

### **Mohammed a Lawbreaker.**

He was a lawbreaker. He commended the Christian moral law, but he broke it in nearly every instance. He repeatedly broke every precept of the Sermon on the Mount, and while he acknowledged Jesus Christ as the "Word of God," he stands condemned before every moral law of Christ, not only in his private life, but as a prophet.

He broke the laws of his own people. The Arabs among whom he was born and who were his people, although idolators and polygamists and slave-holders, had laws, but he broke their laws. Even the Bedouins of the desert who lie in wait to rob the caravans have a code of honor. For breaking these Mohammed stands condemned on three counts: First, it was quite lawful to marry a captive woman whose relatives had been slain in battle, but not until three months after their death. Mohammed waited only three days in the

case of the Jewess Safiah. Second, it was lawful for the Bedouin to rob merchants but not pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Mohammed robbed the pilgrims on their way to worship and revealed a verse in the Koran to justify his conduct. Third, it was wicked to marry the wife of an adopted son even after his decease; but the prophet fell in love with the wife of his adopted son, Zeid, and took her from him even while he yet lived. To justify this he also records a special revelation.

He was a polygamist, condemned as such by his own laws of marriage. The Koran says that his followers are to be content with four lawful wives, but he was not even content with eleven. He had two concubines.

In order to know Mohammed we would have to know him at the point of his relation with women. This subject is of necessity shrouded from decent eyes, but it is here that the brutality and coarseness of his character are shown, and all we can say is, that touching this subject the depth of filth of his life assorts well with the depraved and sensual life of nearly all of his followers.

Christ's dying command and great commission was: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature. For the Son of Man is come to save that which is lost."

Mohammed's great commission was, "Kill them wherever ye find them. This shall be the reward of infidels. When the holy month shall be past then slay the polytheists wherever you find them, and seize them and besiege them and lay in ambush for them in every ambuscade, but if they turn Moslems and rise to prayer and give the legal alms, let them alone."—The Koran.

Robert E. Speer said: "Mohammedanism is held by many who have to live under its shadow to be the most degraded religion, morally, in the world. We

speak of it as superior to other religions because of its monotheistic faith, but I would rather believe in ten pure gods than in one God who would have for his supreme prophet and representative a man with Mohammed's moral character."

There are tens of thousands of men in Pittsburgh any one of whom would be a better representative of God than Mohammed was.

Ugly as is the best picture that can be painted of Mohammed, and evil as is the fairest story that can be made, it would not be so bad if we did not have overwhelming evidence and authentic documents for making him still worse. Not only did he break every moral law, but he crowned it with his most brazen blasphemy in his claim in the Koran to the divine approbation of all of his lustful acts, and represents God Himself as having chided him for not having further gratified his passions.

In the nearly millenium and a half since the false prophet was born, not less than 7,000,000,000 people have followed his way. Seven billion people are an awful lot of people. That would make:

50 cities the size of .....London  
100 cities the size of .....New York  
100 cities the size of .....Chicago  
100 cities the size of .....Philadelphia  
100 cities the size of .....Boston  
100 cities the size of .....St. Louis  
100 cities the size of .....San Francisco  
100 cities the size of .....Cleveland  
100 cities the size of .....Cincinnati  
100 cities the size of .....Minneapolis  
100 cities the size of .....Detroit  
100 cities the size of .....Buffalo  
and there would be enough people left to make  
10,000 cities the size of .....Pittsburgh.  
They followed Mohammed and are lost.

There are nearly 100,000,000 full-grown Moham-  
medan men. They have simply been tricked and lied  
to; that's all there is to it. Will the more than 250,000  
Pittsburgh men see to it that they know the truth?  
There is nothing in this world more worth while. If  
the rest didn't care, there are 10,000 men in Greater  
Pittsburgh who could make it possible for them to  
know the truth. One could tell a thousand. Will you?

## FROM TOURS TO THRACE, MOHAMMED HAS LOST A LOT OF HIS LAND.

In 732 A. D., Charles Martel of France on the plains of Tours checked the political growth of Islam—which promised to be the greatest political power in the earth and promised far more confidently to be a complete world power than the prospects of Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon would have justified. This was one of the most important victories in the world's history and saved Western civilization from hopeless retrogression and ruin. "But for it," says Gibbon, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford."

At the zenith of Islam's political supremacy she held sway over Turkey, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Tunis, Tripoli, Morocco, Persia, Baluchistan, Afghanistan—all were of the Moslem empire. Much of the landed area of the then known world was Moslem.

Last year on the plains of Thrace was fought the decisive battle of the Balkan wars.

A significant and surprising editorial recently appeared in a leading Moslem newspaper at Constantinople, from which we quote:

"The Moslem world is in the throes of a regeneration which will affect its social as well as its political conditions, and indirectly must concern its ecclesiastical affairs. It will undoubtedly have the same influence that the reformation of Luther and the French revolution had upon society and culture. The dethronement of three absolute monarchs in three independent Moslem states is a novel chapter in the history of Islam, and calls for grave reflection by the

adherents of that faith. The social and economic affairs of a nation, as well as its religion, are closely allied to its politics, and there cannot be serious disturbance in one without having a great influence upon the others. It means either decay or progress, because there is no such thing as rest or stagnation in society. The human race cannot remain in repose; it must either advance or go backward.

### Signs of Islam's Doom.

“This suggests a thorough inquiry into the conditions of Islam whether the material advancement of the infidel nations has shaken the faith of Moslems in the wisdom and ability of their leaders, and has caused them to follow the light of intelligence and learning that science has given to Europe and America, leaving Asia in partial darkness. The first thing for the people of Turkey, Persia and Morocco to do is to consider their own regeneration and get ready to take part in the advancement of civilization which is irresistible. If the teachers of the faith do not acknowledge the necessity of such progress, their followers will doubtless break away and leave them behind. The period of decadence of Islam has ended with the deposition of the three absolute monarchies, and hereafter there can be no tardy or indifferent recognition of the inevitable without sharing their fate.”

Such words appearing in the leading journal of the political capital of Islam are full of significance to the Church of God and to every man in Pittsburgh; it is of Christian and commercial importance, especially as every statement in the editorial is borne out by news from different parts of the Moslem world.

As these conditions impress themselves upon us we are naturally filled with hope and thankfulness. As we consider what this will eventually mean to the



Moslem world and to the Christian world as well, we think not less of the men and women, but perhaps more of the children. It is from the children that our greatest hope for Moslems comes, not only from the relief and help that we can give them now, but from what they will do for Moslem lands in the few short years until they will be the mothers and fathers. If we start with the children now there will be Christian parents to train the next generation; if we neglect them, their influence will be for Islam.

To understand some of the conditions we quote from Dr. S. Gaster of Quetta, Baluchistan:

“How often the sightless eyeballs of infants turn pathetically in the direction where a voice is heard and where they feel there ought to be light! In cases which might have been saved by early treatment, the parents excuse their delay by saying it was their ‘fate.’ ”

### **Child Marriage Horrors.**

Dr. Bridgstock of Palestine says:

“The most glaring evil from a medical standpoint is child marriage, by which I mean not so much the marriage of children to one another—though that is common—but the marriage of little girls to men many years their seniors. The saddest cases one has to hear in this land of sad cases are those of little girls who ought to be enjoying games and school life, seriously injured if not maimed for life as a result of this horrible practice. A recent case is an instance of the cruelty coupled with child marriage, in which the poor little wife was left to suffer prolonged agonies rather than call a doctor, as a result of which she spent over a year in one hospital or another, where everything that held out hope to cure was done, but with little benefit.”

And from a man who recently visited the Moslem lands:

"I saw one mother at the door of her mud hut; she had in her arms a baby of a few months. She said that she had lost nine children—had been depending upon charms, but that she was trusting God for the raising of the tenth. God and a little water and the Christian Hospital a few blocks away, gave the hope for this child.

"I met a man seemingly of middle age; he was bemoaning the loss of a son—the fourteenth child, none left, owing to the dirt and disease in the midst of which they lived; much of this could have been prevented by Christian help."

There is some tenderness with the mothers and fathers who have known something of Christ's influence; these do want to save their children.

But a Mohammedan whose first born son died, when expressions of sympathy were tendered, answered lightly: "Please God there will be another." A child is not really counted until it is a year or two old—it is so likely to die. We want to save these children for Christ; we can pray with better faith, "Thy Kingdom Come," if we do our share for the children.

## THEY SELL SLAVES IN MECCA NOW, WHY NOT? THEIR PROPHET SAID THEY COULD.

I was at Napoleon's tomb today. Almost everybody admires Napoleon now. At one time about all he had was revilers. That's the experience which lots of people have who do things. Dickens said, "Nothing ever happened on this globe for good at which some people did not have their fill of laughter at the outset." But, whatever they laughed at Napoleon for, they could not say he was soft. They might say he was ambitious, but they must also say he was courageous. But hard as he may have been, he never urged his followers on by telling them they could have their enemies for slaves. Mohammed did.

They might laugh at the drama of Napoleon marshalling his soldiers on the plains of Egypt, about the Pyramids of Gizeh, and pointing to the apex of Cheops and calling upon the 40 centuries of its history to assemble its host of witnesses, but they could not say that he closed his oration by telling his followers that if they were conquerors they might each take as many as they wished of the daughters of the vanquished to be their slaves and concubines. Mohammed did.

Napoleon fired ambition, but he didn't tell his soldiers that "The fire of hell shall not touch the legs of him who is covered with the dust of battle in the road of God." Mohammed did.

If Napoleon was only among the near great and not really great, it was because he never mastered self, for he did master others. But, selfish as he may have been, he never used the basest lusts of man as a motive for the task. Mohammed did. And because

Mohammed did, Islam and slavery would go hand in hand through all the Moslem world if they could. The reason they do not is because political Islam and the Moslem world are not identical. Of all the more than 230,000,000 Moslems on earth today, only about 30,000,000—less than one in seven of them—are under Turkish or other Mohammedan political control. France rules 36,000,000 of them. Great Britain about 90,000,000. The United States governs (or tries to) 300,000 of them.

### Slavery a Moslem Rite.

Where Islam rules there is slavery. Why not? Their Bible, or Koran, provides for it. Mohammed, their prophet, by his own example, constituted it a sacred rite. Therefore it exists because of Islam, not in spite of Islam. It existed in America once, not because of Christianity but in spite of Christianity.

In his book, "The Sorrow and Hope of the Egyptian Sudan," Charles R. Watson tells the story of the wretched trade which, with all its accompaniments of fire and sword and pestilence, decimated the once populous Sudan, and whose people have literally been eaten up to feed this passion of the Moslems.

Charles M. Doughty, an explorer of Central Arabia, says "Jiddah is the staple town of African slavery for the Turkish empire." (Jiddah is a sacred city of Islam; the name means "grandmother," and Moslems believe it is the place where Eve came to earth from heaven). It is the port city of Mecca on the Red Sea, and there, from Africa the storehouse and warehouse, Islam's trade in human souls is established, and from there to Mecca and other places they are shipped.

As Pittsburgh is a world market for steel,  
As Minneapolis is a world market for flour,

As St. Louis is a world market for mules,

So Jiddah is the Moslem world market for janitors, eunuchs bought to be used as the janitors in the mosques of the Moslem world, their houses of worship, their churches, at \$120 each.

Hadji Khan, one of the very few non-Moslems who went to Mecca and lived to return and tell what he saw, was there during the pilgrimage of 1902. He describes the slave market there. Think of it! A slave market in Mecca within a few yards of the place they describe as "The House of God." He says, "Go there and see for yourself the condition of the human chattels. \* \* \* There they are flung pellmell in the open square. \* \* \* The dealer standing by cried out, 'Come and buy; fresh and green; come and buy; strong and useful, faithful and honest, come and buy.'

"The day of sacrifice was past and the richer pilgrims in their brighter robes gathered around. One among them singled out a girl. They entered a booth together. The mother was left behind. One word was uttered, or, was it a moan of inarticulate grief? Soon after the girl came back, and the dealer when the bargaining was over, said to the purchaser, 'I sell you this property of mine the female slave Narcissus for the sum of forty pounds.' Thus the bargain was clinched."

### **Missionary Work to Do.**

I am in Paris tonight. Notwithstanding the millions that have been spent in the Louvre, with all the millions that are represented in that district from the "Place du Carrousel" through the Jardin Tuilleries and along Champs Elysees, with the magnificent provision that has been made in the Hotel Des Invalides for the old soldiers, with Notre Dame and Madeleine, with hospitals and churches, still no doubt much might

yet be done for the people here. But France has tasks outside, too, and big ones, and if France accomplishes nothing more in Morocco than stamp out the slave trade, she will indeed be a missionary to Morocco, and in doing this she will bring a greater blessing on, and a great honor to, her own people than anything else that could be done for them.

Alexander Powell in "The Last Frontier," says it is estimated there are over 3,000 slaves imported into Morocco every year, most of them brought in by way of the desert from the Sudan and the equatorial region. None who have the strength to travel need miss that desert trail, that Great White Way whitened by the bleached bones of those who died from cold and hunger on their way to fill up the cup of blood Islam has drunk during the ages that the land of the Moor has been her abode. "I can take you into half a dozen Moroccan cities," Mr. Powell says, "and show you slaves being auctioned to the highest bidder as openly as they were in our South 50 years ago. There is a large profitable demand for slaves, particularly boys and girls, in all the Moroccan cities, a young negress having a market value of from \$80 to \$120."

The Sudan is a land of untold wealth of resources. During these years it would have produced untold millions of wealth. That is lost! The people are gone! They are lost! Those who remain in the Sudan are lost. Who will save them?

France has a task to do in Morocco. What kind of a task outside her own borders can Pittsburgh as Pittsburgh find to do?

**THERE ARE CATACOMBS FOR COAL ALL THRU  
THE ALLEGHENIES. CHRIST NEEDS  
CATACOMBS ALL THRU THE  
HIMALAYAS.**

The Tiber isn't much of a river compared with the Allegheny. It isn't much bigger than Turtle Creek. Rome couldn't help that, but there's a bigger church beside the Tiber than there is on the banks of the Allegheny or the Monongahela or the Ohio, or the Hudson or the Mississippi. It wasn't built because of or named for Caesar, or Romulus or Remus, either. It doesn't bear the name of a rich man or keep alive the memory of the silver-tongued Cataline. It was built because a good man came from Jerusalem to Rome with good news, a poor plain fisherman, who was willing to die to emphasize his story—St. Peter's Cathedral.

As we estimate good preaching, undoubtedly this man was not a great preacher; no doubt there has been many a better preacher in Rome than Peter was. Unquestionably there were men in Rome then, lots of them, who had a better education than he had, but no one has seemed to think it worth while to tell me about them today. They couldn't. No one knows who they were. They're forgotten. That was nearly 2,000 years ago.

Will there be any real good, sensible, worth-while reason why anyone should mention your name or any one of 999,999 others out of the 1,000,000 in Greater Pittsburgh even 200 years from now? Not to say 2,000 years from now.

When, 2,000 years from now, streams of tourists from Afghanistan and Baluchistan, passing through America handing out bakhsheesh to the money-loving children of a bunch of money-mad progenitors, and they strike Pittsburgh on their way from New Orleans to Toronto, will anyone tell them of you? Will you be even one of 20?

Of course the fellow who stays a month or so and digs deep into Baedeker may run across the names of a couple of hundred of those who lived in and about Pittsburgh in the nineteenth and early part of the twentieth centuries, but the fellow who only stays two days won't hear of more than 20, and why should he? And the same can be said of 100 of the great cities of America.

Who in the world wants to go and stand in adoration beside the monument of some fellow just because he made \$1,000,000 feeding hogs out in Nebraska, or because he got a corner on turpentine in Atlanta or bought up wool and lived in Helena?

I stood with bared head long and reverently today by the place where the body of St. Peter was laid to rest. Why? Because he knew what he believed and it was to him more real and vital than life.

### **Millions to Be Saved.**

My time was in the hands of a guide, a man who never had heard of me, didn't know what my belief or likes and tastes were, but he never suggested taking me next to the tomb of some fellow who, 300 years ago, had control of the biggest water power in the Apennines and made 2,000,000 barrels of King Croesus flour a year. No. He drove away out into the open fields away from the city and he took me to a road he said was the Appian way, toward the Market of Appius and the Three Taverns. I looked with keen interest



for every sign that marked the journey of a traveler along that way nearly 2,000 years ago, a poor man from Tarsus, a despised man bearing the scars of those, his despisers, who stoned him, his flesh furrowed with many a hard stripe, hunted and hated, tempest tossed and shipwrecked, but who was saved and knew it and wanted to see Rome saved—Paul. Rome was lost.

It has been said in this paper that there are 230,000,000 Moslems in the world today who are lost. I said it. I'm sorry it had to be said but I'd either have to say that or say that there were 1,000,000 people in Greater Pittsburgh who are lost. The tragedy of the thing is their loss is our loss and the shame of having to say such a thing is our shame, not their shame. They have been left alone. Why have they not been told? Would Paul have left them alone? The prison walls of Islam hold 80,000,000 little children who don't know their right hand from their left. Are they not going to be told? Aren't we going to destroy Islam? It is the creed I'm asking about, not the race. Are the 100,000,000 women this creed manacles always to be manacled chattels?

Afghanistan has 4,000,000 who are followers of the False Prophet, and closed; no missionary there. What do we mean by closed? Why closed?

Would they kill missionaries if they went there? Likely! We say China has 9,000,000 Moslems with scarcely a word told to any of them. We say that in North Africa, out of the sound of any voice telling the Christian story, are 8,000,000 Moslems. There are over 50,000,000 and not one word, and of the 180,000,000 left the voice that's speaking is so weak that but few can hear. What is that voice? One for about 300,000. They can't all hear that voice. We say with a smug face, "The gospel is going to all the world." But it isn't. Fifty million Moslems—not a

word. And to the rest, one thin voice to each 600,000 ears.

## Are We Doing All Possible?

What in the world is the matter? Is the spirit of a St. Peter gone? No. Are there no St. Pauls now who will tread the Appian ways? Yes. Is there no noble band of martyrs who will follow them? Ah! there's where it rubs. There's the weak spot. We have the apostles; they're the lone voice each to the 300,000 and some of them went out from Pittsburgh, too. I'll tell you of them soon, the noble army.

We cry out today for a St. Paul and a St. Peter to lead, but the most tragic thing in the world is a leader with a supine army. St. Peter's and St. Paul's was not the only blood shed for the land of the Caesars.

Today they showed me the spot where Nero's circus was. The blood of thousands intermingled with that soil to redeem Europe for Christ.

In a sort of way we want the creed of Islam broken, but we are trying to get it cheap.

All about Rome are the catacombs. I went to those of St. Calixtus on the Appian way. In that great city of the dead are the tombs of 100,000 martyrs, who poured out their life blood a free oblation and it took it all to do. Follow the gospel story all the way through Europe and away into Scotland and Ireland and you will find this is but a tithe of the tremendous cost, not extorted, freely paid, that we might know God.

Let's be honest. Is there any need for a closed Tibet? Can we explain to Christ why Afghanistan doesn't know? Can we make a clear case when we try to convince Him that we have really tried to win Egypt for Him? Will He be satisfied with the story that one to 300,000 was all we could spare?

Are there no Tuffa hills on the north slope of the Himalayas where catacombs and martyrs' tombs may be made? It's honorable to fatten hogs. It's noble to dig 90,000,000 tons of coal a year for the world's need, as Pittsburgh does. But must all our catacombs be catacombs for coal.

## THE WAY ISLAM PROSELYTES. ALL EGYPT- IANS WERE CHRISTIANS ONCE.

I am in Egypt.

Not all the people in Egypt are Moslems, although most of them are. The first white man I saw when I landed in Alexandria was from Pittsburgh. He wore a white beard and a white collar. I could hardly believe him when he said he was from Pittsburgh. Yes, his beard was actually white. It was black when he left Pittsburgh, but that was over 30 years ago.

Most of the people here are Moslems; more than 9,000,000 of the 10,000,000 are. There was a time when the 10,000,000 people of Egypt were Christians. A few centuries after Christ, paganism was no more in Egypt, and it was a Christian nation with one united church—"The National Church of Egypt."

Then Mohammedanism came over from Arabia, and all they have left of that once strong National Church is a poor, torn, struggling fringe known as the Coptic Church. They have fought bravely and suffered terribly for their life during these centuries. All those centuries from the seventh into the nineteenth, when British occupancy, in a large measure although not fully, relieved them, their life or property was never secure.

I met Mr. Salib Mitry at Alexandria. His people were all Copts. He is now editor of a Christian newspaper in Alexandria. Though yet a young man he told me that he remembered well the persecution of the Copts in Alexandria; when for the mere mention of the fact that Jesus Christ was divine, his friends were stoned and beaten and almost killed, and for it all no

punishment followed, the government being then wholly Moslem and took no notice of such things.

The centuries, from 640 A. D. when the Arabs first came with fire and sword to Egypt, right up to the time of the British occupancy, were centuries of oppression of such ferocity that it is a marvel there is a vestige of that church here now.

### **When Christians Were Marked.**

The most humiliating and cruel laws were passed to crush them or make them become Moslem. To mark them as an object of ridicule they were made to wear blue turbans and girdles, instead of white. They were never allowed to ride on horseback, but must always in the most servile manner journey on foot; fierce persecution would follow the mere incident of a Christian having been seen to ride a donkey, and so trivial a thing would even be made the occasion for destroying their churches. At times the Christians gave enormous sums of money as peace offerings to their Moslem rulers that the churches might be opened, and that they might have the privilege of worshipping in peace. This money would be accepted and an agreement entered into to open the churches, but as a rule not more than one or two would be opened, when again the fires of persecution would break out fiercer and hotter than ever.

I have heard people say in America that they didn't believe in missions, that the Moslem religion was good enough and that to conduct missionary work among them was proselyting. Well, even if it were, it is certainly a more merciful sort of proselyting than Islam employs. Here is a whole nation once Christian, the victim of pillage and murder and rapine for 13 centuries, and yet a Coptic Church of 600,000 people, and of the 9,000,000 Moslems here it is safe to say

that 8,000,000 of them are the descendants of those who became Moslem only at the point of the sword.

This remnant of early Christian Egypt, 600,000 people in the Coptic Church, is the first to appreciate the benefits of Western civilization when offered. There are 125,000 students in the schools of Egypt; 40,000 of these are Copts. They surely deserve help after the centuries they have fought the oppressor alone; yes, and the children of the early Christian Church who were forced into Islam deserve help from us just as much.

### **Pittsburghers in Alexandria.**

It was the Rev. Dr. T. J. Finney, of Crafton, Pa., who met me at the wharf at Alexandria. Mrs. Finney too is a Pittsburgh woman. The Rev. Dr. D. A. McClenahan, professor of Hebrew in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, is her brother. I found some other Pittsburgh folk there: Miss Laura B. Walker of Carnegie, Mrs. Charles S. Bell of Mt. Lebanon, and Miss St. Clair of East Liberty.

I asked Dr. Finney how Islam felt toward his work as a Christian missionary. He said that at first it was hotly resented, that the leaders were constantly calling upon the government to drive them out, saying: "Why does the government allow these men to come and embarrass us by showing up our faith; it embarrasses us to have the whole world know that we promise our followers a sensual heaven where they forever revel with wine, women and song. Why doesn't our government drive them out? Isn't it a Moslem government? Then send them away. Why allow men to come here and set up sentiment against the slave trade when our own Bible, the Koran, in Sura 8:12 says: 'It hath not been granted to any prophet that he should possess captives until he hath

made a great slaughter in the earth \* \* \* therefore strike off their heads and strike off the ends of their fingers.' How can any of us therefore be prophets unless we can be free as before to pillage and kill and thus, with many captive slaves and many wives and many concubines, prove that we are prophets? This was the way the Prophet Mohammed proved his right as a true prophet of God, and it is an uncomfortable thing to have this flouted before the world. Why does not the government drive them out?"

### **Demanding the Truth.**

But this has changed now, Dr. Finney says. It's the laymen of Islam who are talking now and they are saying, "We have given over allegiance to this teaching of Mohammed; we have believed it to be true and supreme; where are our theologians? Where are our shieks? Why don't they come forth and silence those followers of the despised Christ of Nazareth? Was He not an imposter? Did not Mohammed supersede Him. They have always told us this is so, now why do they not come forth and prove it?"

Thus is the truth pushing the poor teacher of Islam up against the Koran, the revelation of the false prophet of Arabia, and it is a broken reed; he is helpless and defenceless.

Was Egypt always Moslem? No; that's Egypt's claim now. She has a right to return to the Christian camp; she has been out on the plain and in the jungle a long time. She is tired of it all. Her treasure is lost; her arts are lost; her beauty is lost; millions of her children have been lost; but she wants to be shown the trail that leads back.

Let's show her.

## **TWO AMERICANS PLUS ONE EGYPTIAN**

### **WORTH \$104,000,000.**

They're crowding into gospel meetings in multitudes—Moslems—yes, Moslems. The haughty Moslem, proud of Islam, abhorring Christianity, despising the Christian, but at last seeking Christ. Every meeting that is held for them is jammed until there is no longer standing room. Cairo is changed. I was here five years ago, but my! what a change! They are being baptized, and those who are baptized are preaching. Persecution? Yes, some, but nothing like it used to be. I saw Abd el Khalik baptized yesterday. Dr. Andrew Watson baptized him. As he baptized him Dr. Watson told him that he would likely suffer persecution for it. He is from one of the best families of Egypt, many of them high in the khedive's service, and every one in that service knows that when Islam goes, they go. But Abd el Khalik didn't flinch. Abd el Khalik is a Christian. There have been long periods since Dr. Watson came to Egypt when there were no Moslems baptized, but he is now seeing the thing for which he came to Egypt over one-half century ago.

Yes, 52 years ago Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Watson were married, and 52 years ago were commissioned to come to Egypt as missionaries. They have gone through some fierce fires in those 52 years, but they're here. Khedives have come and gone since then. Princes and pashas, too; consuls and consul generals; but these ambassadors still hold the big commission, and that big commission and the big service have made Dr. Andrew Watson one of the biggest men in Egypt.



If the department of which he is prime minister (prime minister of the Christian Church of Egypt), continues to make the strides it has made since he came and is making now, in 30 years from now Egypt will be a Christian land again, and in 50 years from now a history of the cycle of Egypt will be written, and, when it is written, and your children and mine read it, they'll find this big man's name among the first 12 that adorn the period of Egypt's struggle from Islam to Christ. Oh, yes, Lord Cromer's name will be there; maybe Kitchener's, too; but sure Watson's.

### **One Moslem University.**

I went to the Azhar last Saturday—that's the one university the Moslems have. Shame, Proud Islam! Holding 230,000,000 followers in your leash and giving them only one school, and throttling that until it doesn't teach anything but the Koran. There they sat, 8,000 big, bearded, burly, fat fellows on the floor, memorizing the Koran. Twelve years they sit there, and if at the end of that time they can repeat it word for word and give the exact intonation to each word, they are educated Moslems! No geography, no mathematics, no history, no science, no philosophy; none that you or I would dignify with these names; nothing but the Koran! The most stupid, most senseless conglomeration of mutterings ever brought between two covers. Read the thing if you can. I'll guarantee there isn't one person in 10,000 in Pittsburgh would read ten pages of it unless paid to.

One of the tragedies of the Azhar is that it gathers in the best sons of Egypt and unfits them for everything Egypt needs them for. I was told that 16,000 students are connected with the place now, and they have been turning them out about 1,000 a year all these years, and now they are beggars on the streets.

One of them, a proud shiekh, comes statedly to Dr. Watson to beg and get his quarter.

But the fallacy and sham, if not the shame, yes, the shame, too, of the whole thing, is breaking into their consciousness, and they are turning to the gospel, and now actually devices are being invented to keep them out of some of the preaching places so there will at least be standing room.

### **Mikhial Monsoor's Conversion.**

One of the strong preachers to these crowds is Mikhial Monsoor. He was an Azhar graduate; sat and rocked back and forth on the floor for 12 years; got his diploma and struck out. He hadn't seen a Bible, but he did know the Koran, and with that knowledge he started out to challenge Christianity. He went to an Egyptian Christian preacher, a wise man, wise with his Master's wisdom, who never enjoined arguing, but always prayer and witnessing. He gave Mikhial a Bible and bade him take it home, read it and pray. Mikhial told me he read it, was interested but not converted until he came to read of Christ's life, and when he read that matchless and perfect life, he for the first time saw his own imperfect life, and, no longer a believer in Islam, became Christ's. He's a powerful preacher; he's the "Billy Sunday" of Cairo.

The teachers and students of the Azhar flock to his meetings. Twenty of the Shiekh's (teachers) of the Azhar University were turned away tonight; couldn't get in; no room. For years he has kept this up, and the continued hammer is making great cracks in the walls of Islam in Egypt and all the Moslem world, for here is its center of learning. This man deserves help. Dr. Watson helped Mikhial into the kingdom. One hundred and four years of life is a big

investment for a husband and wife to make for a land. Dr. and Mrs. Watson have made it for Egypt.

How many dollars would it cost a Pittsburgh man if he tried to do as much for Egypt in terms of dollars?

It would be a bad bargain for Egypt if she parted with what these lives represent on the basis of a \$1,000,000 for each year, \$104,000,000.

Commercially, intellectually, socially, religiously, it would be a bad bargain too for America to lose the prestige of a man like Mikhial for a \$1,000,000. Such lives stand for the redemption of Egypt. But we need a lot more of them.

Let's get them. This old town Cairo has been fooled and fouled with Islam long enough. Let's clean it up.

## A PITTSBURGH BOY A MILLIONAIRE IN EGYPT.

“Bear me a message to the Nile. Tell her the Euphrates can never quench my thirst.” That was the message an Egyptian general away at the wars in Damascus sent home 500 years ago. When I heard that, I thought it was merely poetry, but it wasn’t. The waters of the Nile are sweet to the Egyptian.

I was in Tanta yesterday. It’s a city of 75,000 people, right in the middle of the Delta, where 95 per cent of the people are Moslem, and where in time past they have been most fanatical. There is a good water system there. Dr. Grant, who is in charge of a large hospital of the American Mission, says the water is very pure yet.

When a short time ago the cholera was in Egypt, and the streams and canals were patrolled, the women would walk miles out of the city to carry home the household supply of water in the big earthen jars on their heads rather than drink the pure city water which comes from a system of artesian wells.

The Nile is the water of life to Egypt. In the last 20 years its waters have been made to flow over millions of acres of what was desert, and there is life there now.

I met a young fellow from Pittsburgh in Tanta—Boyd. He’s a preacher. He came out here looking for something to do, and, being from Pittsburgh, they gave him a big job. They sent him to preach in a parish with a million and a half people in it, so he’s once and a half a millionaire. It is 11 years since he went there first. He has been away some, helping at

other places, but there most of the time. But he hasn't met all the people of his parish yet, not that they are so greatly scattered, but there are so many of them. There are 400 towns in the parish, besides Tanta. He has permanent work established in seven places. He says the preaching in these seven towns keeps him busy.

### **Christianity Finding Welcome.**

The Rev. James H. Boyd (they call him "Sunny Jim" here), is from Mt. Lebanon, Pa. He says he can do lots more for Moslems than he could 11 years ago. They were so fanatical that he didn't dare say much; they would simply become frantic. There are some especially important mosques there, and Tanta was a sort of Mecca for Egypt. Very sacred places they were. Those who even listened tolerantly to the Gospel 11 years ago were in danger of their lives. Six years ago a young fellow by the name of Abdul began to inquire into the difference between Islam and Christianity. One day he thoughtlessly left his Koran lying on the bench in his workshop. It was taken up and examined, and when it was learned that certain parts were marked as though he were questioning their truth and value, which indeed he was, although he had by no means forsaken Islam, nevertheless he was thrown into prison and was kept there for three years only to be released in a starving condition, and soon died.

There is a tremendous contrast to all this now, for now no matter how large the hall is that Mr. Boyd opens to preach in, it is filled and crowded.

Five years ago Mr. Boyd was living in Alexandria for a time. Passing along the road one day, he saw a fellow sitting by the roadside reading a book. Observing that it was the Koran, he sat down beside him

and began silently to read the Bible. The man soon spoke and asked Mr. Boyd what he was reading. When told that it was the Bible, he said he, too, was reading his sacred book. The Moslem gave his name as Maruk Effendi. Mr. Boyd suggested that they exchange books for a while, and opening the Bible at the fifth chapter of Matthew, the Sermon on the Mount, handed it to Maruk. After reading a while, Maruk said that he would like to have a copy of the Gospel of Matthew. Only a few weeks from this time Maruk came to Alexandria, to the home of Dr. Finney (a Pittsburgher, too), telling him that there was a conspiracy among the Moslems to wipe out all the Christians in Alexandria, and that he had been assigned to the task of getting rid of the Finneys.

"Now," said Maruk, "the very fact that I am assigned by my co-religionists to the task of killing you indicates to me that there is something vitally wrong with my religion. I have known you people. I know you are honest and that your lives are clean, and although my faith promises me great eternal reward, if I should kill you whom we hold as infidels, yet it doesn't seem right to me to do it, and I have come to confess it all to you."

### **Much More to Be Done.**

The British army became aware of the conspiracy in another way and nipped it, but such was the attitude only five years ago.

There has been an absolute change, and with perfect freedom one can speak to crowds of Moslems and speak on the most vital Christian themes pressing home the Sonship of Christ and His deity and be listened to with respect and eagerness.

What about those other 393 towns in Boyd's parish? They are spiritual deserts as there is not

found even the cactus of fanaticism growing. Islam's streams are drying up. All these 393 towns need is water, living water. It's the brain center of Islam this, that's waiting for the water. Turn it on. Help Boyd.

Today I was guided to a little mud hut on the edge of the city of Monsurah. An old woman was curled up on the earthen floor of that cheerless, almost destitute, place. She will soon be "crossing the bar," the white plague is pressing her steps. Life was kept in the bent and gnarled old frame by a warm blanket in which it was swathed. A Pittsburgh girl who lives in Monsurah gave her that blanket. The Pittsburgh girl bought it with money that had been sent from Pittsburgh last month to make the Pittsburgh girl's Christmas a happy Christmas, and it was.

The poor old body muttered some words. I came close and I heard what they were, "Jesus never leaves me. He is the only One who never leaves me. Jesus never leaves me."

There was a trace of light on that poor old face that had spent its years in the dark.

I haven't seen a Moslem since I came to Egypt who would be just as well off without Jesus.

## MISS PADEN ON THE NILE.

Maine, Augusta, on the Kennebec; New Hampshire, Concord, on the Merrimac; Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna; Iowa, Des Moines, on the Des Moines. Des Moines was my capital when we learned to sing that capital song. Miss Paden adds a line to the song—"Egypt, Allegheny, on the Nile."

Egypt is Miss Paden's state now. The Allegheny is her ship of state. The Nile is her highway.

If you go south from Cairo about a day's journey by camel up the Nile, you will come to the village of Mazghuna, and you will find a boat anchored there—a steamboat—anchored close by Mazghuna. The name of the ship is the Allegheny.

George M. Paden, a cashier of the Union National Bank of Pittsburgh, is one of a company of Pittsburgh men who bought it and put it there on the waters of the Nile; but, that wasn't enough for Mr. Paden. To him the cargo was more significant than the boat. He's a banker; he knows a good investment when he sees it. He had been in Egypt, had studied the Moslem problem, and could discern the possibilities, and he invested heavily. Mr. Paden probably has heavier investments in Egypt than any other man in Pittsburgh has. He not only saw how profitable it would be to have a representative in Egypt, and he wanted a good one. He had only one child, Miss Marian. She had a lot to invest, too; she had her full, strong, young life to invest, and she, too, was looking for the best place to put it, where the richest, most glorious career could be found.



## Paden Family Investment.

The fertile valley of the Nile looked the best, and there was no further ado about it. Oh, I don't know; maybe some suggestions did come to Mr. Paden from solicitous friends, that, having only one child, he ought to keep her at home and have the pleasure of her cheer in the home. I don't know anything about that, but, if they did, they were answered some way, and to Miss Marian's satisfaction and to Mr. Paden's satisfaction. Mr. Paden has taken all the shares of stock in his daughter's support, and no one Egyptian, or American, or Briton has been allowed to get any of that stock. It's all off the market; it would go at a high premium were it accessible, but it's all held in the Paden family.

The Allegheny is a good boat, and a good name to have on the Nile, although a little strange among such names as Rameses II, Cleopatra, Mohammed Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, etc.

Islam's fierce countenance melts before Miss Paden and her message. The Moslem is usually considered a shrewd trader, and the Mohammedans are usually greedy for gold, but they have overlooked the rarest jewel any people ever had—womanhood. They trampled womanhood under foot; they covered womanhood with the filth of the street. Womanhood in Egypt because of Islam is a vessel broken, shattered and crushed by the cruel blows of evil, sensual, lustful Islam; herded behind lattice, peering through slits of their garments, bearing the shame of Islam.

Miss Paden is digging in the ruins of this lost and almost forgotten humanity. She is finding the pieces; she is having them cleansed and polished. She has the pieces cemented together with sympathy and love. She has a force of Egyptian women under her direction working with her. She finds some on the river banks washed up by the surge of human passion that has

used them and abused them and forsaken them, but never tries to restore them. She finds them in lowly hovels, and she finds them in the harems of the rich; sometimes they are in pain of body. She leads them back to the river bank to the Allegheny, to her companions there on the boat, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Pollock. They are "near Pittsburghers." They came from Washington, Pa.

### Healing the Afflicted.

Dr. Pollock has an up-to-date hospital on his end of the boat, and he heals their diseases. Ten thousand a year come to the boat for healing. Some see again, whose sight was gone. Some were lame but walk now, who had not walked for many a day. Mohammed taught every Moslem how to make wounds but he never taught one man how to heal one wound. The Moslem may despise the Nazarene, but he quickly folds back the flap of his tent for this angel of mercy whom the Man of Galilee has sent—the medical missionary, and when Dr. Pollock steps in to put ointment on the sightless eyes, Miss Paden and Mrs. Pollock step in and pour balm into the weary heart.

I asked these folks from the Alleghenies how frequently they visited a village. They told me that in the years they had been on the Allegheny they had never visited the same village twice, and that if it were convenient to visit all the villages in the delta alone, from the boat (there are many villages which would not be convenient to visit from the boat), it would require 50 years yet to visit all of them once.

That's too long, isn't it? I went through villages where there are hundreds of little children who will be blind before another year if they are not helped. I saw Dr. Pollock cleanse and treat little babies' eyes whose sight would be eaten away in three months if he

hadn't treated them. Fifty years is too long. Ten years is too long.

There is room for lots more boats like this on the Nile. There ought to be one named Pittsburgh.

In her 11 years in Egypt Miss Paden has done more for the victims of Islam than did Peter the Hermit, Richard and Barbarossa, their peers, and their legions in all the ages of the crusades.

They hated; she loves.

## KITCHENER SAID: "THE AMERICAN MISSION IS ABOVE REPROACH."

Whoever was king of Egypt when Joseph was there, or whichever Pharaoh it was that Moses negotiated with, the man who goes to Egypt now will not need to hunt long to discover who the pharaoh is with whom he is to reckon if he plans to cut any capers in Egypt. It is Kitchener.

Of course, I had to have an appointment to meet him. One would surely not expect to rush into his residence any moment, unannounced. He is democratic, but not that bad. He was very busy when I first got to Egypt, opening up his new Parliament, but when arrangements were made that I was to meet him at 10 o'clock the next morning it was a matter of simply being there on time and sending in my card.

### Kitchener a Regal Man.

I expected to meet a monarch and I did. He is just that and nothing less. Every line of his body and every muscle of his strong masculine face has a monarch's line and curve. But, he is more than this. He is a man, and that was what peculiarly pleased me when I met him. One could easily and very definitely recognize that he is made of the stuff that rules. Crowns are his familiar headgear, but he laid that all aside and walked across the room to meet me, and we sat down and had a talk, and it was a man, a big, big man, I talked with.

Nearly all mission work in Egypt is done by Americans, and the work is known as "the American Mis-

sion." I asked Lord Kitchener about missions and missionaries. He is himself a regular attendant at services of the Anglican Church at Cairo, and his staff always attends with them. He told me that the work and attitude of the American Mission was very acceptable to him and to his government. Another American a short time before had asked him what his estimate of the American Mission was. Lord Kitchener replied, "The American Mission is above reproach," and by way of emphasis he brought his first down upon the table and repeated, "The American Mission is above reproach."

The missionaries have done a lot of educational work in Egypt. When one first lands on a Moslem shore the whole thing looks hopeless. There is no use philosophizing about it. You cannot get away from the overwhelming impression that it looks like a hopeless job. The people look tough; their faces show the marks of vice and evil. Mohammed taught his followers to hate, and you would not need to go to the Koran to read the command. You can read it in the faces of his subjects. But of course it is grown-ups that you are looking at, and it is when you are looking at these that hope sags. When you get into a school where there are a few hundred children with their bright faces and pliable life, the whole thing changes, and not only is one made hopeful again but really gets enthusiastic.

### **After the Children.**

The missionaries have seen all this and they are after the children. They have nearly 200 schools in Egypt and have about 17,000 children attending. They have kept these schools going for years, and they have been a regular battering-ram against the walls of Islam. They have battered great gaps in the Moslem ramparts.

In the prosperous city of Assiut, away up the Nile, I had a visit with its most prosperous citizen, Girgis Khyatt. He is a wealthy man. He was educated in the Mission School; so was his father. His father was prosperous too, and a great many years ago assumed the entire support of a school under the control of missionaries, and Girgis continues to support the school; he leaves the missionaries free to run it as they please, for he told me he believed they were running it to the best interests of Egypt and Egypt's people.

It speaks volumes for the work that is being done to help those whom Islam has kept in the dark, to be able to go into a home in Egypt which is a fine modern home and meet educated and capable business men such as Girgis Kyatt is, and learn from his own statement that through the instrumentality of Christian schools he sees Egypt's hope, and have him tell me that he himself supports an entire school where several hundred girls are being educated. One of these schools which Americans are running in Egypt rises to the dignity of a college. It too is in Assiut. There are nearly 700 students enrolled in it. It is a modern plant with good buildings, and it is the pride of Egypt. It stands high in the esteem of Europeans, Americans and Egyptians alike.

### **Lord Cromer's Letter.**

Here is a letter that Lord Cromer wrote to its president:

"Dear Mr. McClenahan: I was greatly interested in what you were able to tell me this morning about the progress of the American Mission in Egypt. I shall always preserve a most pleasant recollection of my association with the members of the mission while I

was in that country. No one indeed has had better opportunities than myself for appreciating the excellent work performed by the mission, and also, I may add, of recognizing the great judgment which has always been shown in avoiding anything calculated to excite criticism on the part of the Egyptian public generally. Very truly yours,  
(Signed) "CROMER."

This is from an eminent Englishman who was the ruler of Egypt for a quarter of a century and he ought to know if anyone does.

Now follows a statement from an Egyptian, the governor of the province in which the school is situated:

"To Whom It May Concern: As governor of the province of Assiut I have had opportunity of seeing the work of Assiut College and of knowing its graduates. The work of the college, as indeed that of the American Mission in general, is carried on with great devotion and with admirable tactfulness. Its workers and their methods have my entire respect and confidence.

"The success and value of the college's work is seen in the loyal, public-spirited, and progressive men whom it has trained. Both in public and private service they hold positions of influence and honor.

"The institution is rendering a superior service in promoting the prosperity and welfare of the province of which I have the honor to be governor.

(Signed) "I. FATTEY."

An American away up in Christian education in Egypt also permits me to quote from a letter written to him by Honorable Peter A. Jay, who is so well and favorably known in official circles and was consul general to Egypt under President Taft's appointment:

"You ask me to give you a statement as to whether the work of the American Mission, especially

the educational part, is conducted wisely from the official point of view of this office.

"I am glad to say that the work appears to be carried on in a broad and intelligent manner. By this I mean that you and your colleagues seem imbued with an intelligent and unprejudiced spirit.

"I am glad to be able to say that the conduct of your mission shows it to possess tact and absence of fanaticism or exaggeration—qualities so necessary for work among Eastern people.

(Signed)

"PETER A. JAY."

### **An Appeal to Pittsburgh.**

If a Christian education is needed and is a good thing for 17,000 of the children of Egypt, it would be a good thing for all of them; they all need it. There are more than 2,000,000 others who need the education and who deserve it equally as much as the 17,000 do. If enough men and women and boys and girls in Pittsburgh would take this thing up and join with a multitude of men like Girgis Khyatt in Egypt, it would help. The whole childhood of Egypt could be saved through Christian schools, and it could be done in 20 years. Egypt would be a changed land, and Egyptians would be saved, and Pittsburgh would have the credit of having accomplished a thing that would stand out as the most marked missionary achievement of the last 100 years. Shall we, Pittsburgh?



## **TO BUILD A CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY IN CAIRO IS THE GREATEST SINGLE OP- PORTUNITY ON EARTH TODAY.**

I've talked and you've listened; I've written in these columns for 14 weeks now and you have read, and you've had the harder end of the task. I've told you about Islam. We have thought of the millions of Moslems; we've marched them around the globe; we've piled them mountains high; and, after all, there is not one of us yet, you or I, knows what it means; knows what tremendous significance there is in the fact that under the sky there is a green tent, Islam, and it covers 230,000,000 souls.

If in these 14 weeks some of the things I've told you have been vague, I want to atone for it in this column today. If some of the things I've said have seemed too theoretical, I want to tell you something that is so overwhelmingly practical as to wipe out that fault, and when I've told you that one thing I'll leave the case before you, and come back some day for your answer. For the present I'll drive away. If some day in the glorious future the editor introduces me again and asks me to speak, I'll be happy to talk if there is something to say. There is a vast sight of difference between talking and having something to say.

### **The Practical Thing.**

The greatest need of the millions shadowed by Islam's green cloud is to get out from under it. From all I can learn from leaders of Christian thought with

whom I have talked, from all I can learn from scores of men throughout the Moslem world with whom I have corresponded, from what Lord Kitchener said to me about it, and from the best observation I could make in the Levant, the most effective single instrument of bringing to the multitudes gripped in Islam's leash the white light of Christ's gospel would be a Christian university in Cairo.

When we speak of Christian university we need to place the emphasis properly, and to do that we say first that it must be outstandingly, emphatically, uncompromisingly Christian, and the further emphasis is that it must actually be a university in the fullest measure of what the word means. To be sure, it must be adapted to the needs of Islam and the limitations of Moslem civilization, but when all this is allowed, let it be truly a university.

Let's drive up to the Citadel. We're passing the statue of Ibrahim Pasha, through the Muskie, fighting our way into and out of the bazars, up the steep Mokattam hills. We're at the Citadel. Come on, walk up these steps to the Mosque Mohammed Ali. Come over here. Lean on this iron rail. Now can you see? There is the Nile; there, Shepherd's Hotel; over here, the railway station; away to your right, the Obelisk of Heliopolis. There is Helouan the other way. Yes, that lane of acacias, the road to the Pyramids—certainly, the Pyramids of Gizeh, and, away beyond, up the valley, the Pyramids of Sakharra. Now do you see that stretch of campus up the valley, five miles away, right by the banks of the Nile? They say there are 100 acres or more in that campus. That group of white buildings? Yes, that's the undergraduate department; here to the left is another group—engineering department; and away up at the upper end of the campus another group white and red—the agricultural department—40 acres of experiment ground they have. Now close down be-

neath us here, not more than a quarter of a mile away, among the mosques—see it?—minarets on it, too—the Christian training department. Yes, that's all a part of it. The Christian university.

Pittsburgh! Do you see it?

### **Need of It Now.**

Now as to the reasons why there should be a Christian University in Egypt:

The men are there now to enter it. There is a vital growing evangelical Christian community in Egypt now. They need a Christian university that they may be equipped to deliver themselves and to deliver their neighbors who are Moslems from the power of Islam. They have about 200 Christian schools now. Some of them have stood there for 50 years. They have been built into the very life of the nation. There are about 17,000 children studying in the Christian schools now. Among these 17,000 there are hundreds who must have the highest education available if Egypt is to have a chance, and they both deserve a chance. Remember, Christ died for Moslems.

There are Christian fathers and mothers, there are Christian grandfathers and grandmothers in Egypt. They want their children and their grandchildren to have a better education than they had. Hundreds of these Egyptian Christians have given their life for Egypt; now they want to give their children. They must be high power lives that will be given. These lives are a bulwark of defense for Christian education. All this forms a firm foundation for a pyramid in that land of the Pharaohs, upon which a Christian university would be a fitting capstone.

There is a Christian College for Girls in Cairo now, where 600 girls attend. In this school are the daughters of the nobility of Egypt—175 daughters of beys,

31 daughters of pashas. These girls are taught in this college to appreciate a Christian home and to understand Christian ideals. Without husbands who have had a chance to secure these same ideals, these young daughters of the nobility of Egypt can never realize their ideals. There ought to be in similar training a thousand of the sons of beys and hundreds of the sons of pashas.

### **Millions Now Misled.**

There are Moslems who are listening to the gospel in numbers now such as they never have done before since Mohammed raised his battle-cry, "There is no God but God and Mohammed is His prophet." There is no place where their sons can be educated and not be positively driven from all religion.

Egypt has been from time immemorial the historical center of education in the Levant. It is recognized by the Moslems as the educational center of Islam. It is there that the Azhar is—that great Moslem university with its 10,000 students gathered from the ends of the earth, from China and from India, from Central Africa and from the Isles of the Sea. They go back to China and India and the Isles of the Sea as Moslem missionaries, and, remember this, that when they go to spread Islam they go to spread death. There ought to be a Christian university to bring students from China, from India, and from the Isles of the Sea, to go back with life, with Christ.

There are 230,000,000 people in the world bound to the book the Koran—the Bible of the Moslems; those dark pages that license lies, that commend adultery and enjoin murder—Mohammed's message. In the Moslem's mind it is sacrilege to print the Koran in any other language but the sacred Arabic; only 45,000,000 of them can read it, and of this forty-five million Moham-

medans 10,000,000 are in Egypt. The largest and most compact unit of Arabic-speaking people in the world are the people of Egypt.

You may sail the shores of the Mediterranean from Cleopatra's Needle, 2,500 miles, past Tripoli, past Tunis, past Algeria, past Morocco, to the Pillars of Hercules, and as you pass you will see on the sand dunes and on the plains, in the valleys and in the jungles, 30,000 Moslems adrift; but, you'll not find a college, and you will not find a university.

Southward, away up the Nile, beyond the equator, down to the jungle heart of Africa, until your feet press the soft banks of the Congo, live the millions who think what was thought in Cairo, who repeat what Cairo has told them. Away in the land of the spices, Zenobia's kingdom, Arabia, then into Persia, on into Afghanistan and the forbidden abodes of the Tibetan, away so far beyond where you may go that their forms are lost in the dim distance, there the Moslems are, and the only man who brings them a message is the man from Cairo, the man from the Azhar with the message of the Azhar, and it's a death sentence. Into the sacred city where none but the faithful may go, into Mecca the Mahmal and Kiswah are taken from Cairo. What will be taught in a Christian university in Cairo will be told at the slave market in Mecca.

### **One Big Opportunity.**

These four facts given above are final reasons:

**First—The men are there to fill it.**

**Second—The Christian community is there to give it backing.**

**Third—The Moslem mind is open to its message.**

**Fourth—The Moslem world gets its message from Cairo.**

There have been 160 Americans who gave their

lives in missionary service to prepare this foundation. These 160 Christian men and women spent a total of 1,700 years under God's guidance in Egypt to redeem this Christian community. Six million dollars have been sent to support them as they worked. Pittsburgh supplied far more of this life and far more of this money than any other community in the world has done. All this toiling, all this giving, all this sacrifice, will fall far below its ideal if the richest, ripest, best, cannot crown and adorn it all.

In the valley of the Nile Christ was cradled. It was a long time ago. He, God, lived in, loved and longed for Egypt long ago. Joseph and Mary took Him there; they were plain folks who took Him there. Let's take Him back. He loves, lives and longs for Egypt now. Let's make a way for Jesus Christ into Islam's realms. Let's make it broad and straight and true.

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